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C R I S I S.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1775. [Price Two-pence Half-penny.]

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To the K I N G.

S I R,



I K E that fell Monster, and infernal TYRANT *Charles the First*, you are determined to Deluge the Land with INNOCENT BLOOD. Fired with Rage at the more than Savage Barbarity of your Mercenary Troops, your cursed Instruments of Slaughter in *America*, I can no longer keep within the Bounds of Decency; the Breast of every true Englishmān must be filled with Indignation, and that Respect which is due to a King, will be lost in a noble zeal for the Preservation of our Country and Fellow Subjects.

Every Man must execrate a Tyrant, who can, without Remorse to satiate his Revenge, and gratify his lust of Power destroy Millions of his Subjects.

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The *Americans*, Sir, are fighting for LIBERTY, the Birth-right of every Man they are fighting for the LAWS and the sacred CONSTITUTION of their Country, which you are, to your eternal Disgrace and Infamy, endeavouring to Destroy: Their Cause is a just, it is the Cause of Heaven, and it never will be in your Power, assisted by TEN THOUSAND Legion of TYRANTS besides, to fix your BLOODY Standard of Tyranny in *America*. *England* must take Part in this Bloody, this Unnatural CIVIL WAR, brought on through your Baseness and Ingratitude, and the Treachery, Corruption, and Villainy of your MINIONS; unless she does this, she is lost forever, your unrelenting Cruelty, and desire of being Absolute, will never let you stop, and if once the *Americans* can be reduced to Slavery, we shall be no longer FREE; you will not, you cannot rest, till you have brought the whole Empire into the same State of Vassalage and Bondage: But I hope for the Honour and Valour of my Countrymen, all your infamous Designs will be frustrated, and that by a Noble Exertion, in defence of their persecuted Brethren in *America*, they will soon CONVINCe you, how Difficult, Unsafe, and Dangerous it is to ATTEMPT to enslave a Brave and Free People, and to establish your Throne in IN-IQUITY and BLOOD.

I hope fired with the noble Spirit of their Ancestors, they will speedily carry to the Throne, something more than Petitions or Remonstrances; I trust they will tell you in manly Terms, in Terms, worthy of Britons; in Terms that may shake your Tyrant S— that they are determined to be FREE, that you SHALL withdraw your Troops from AMERICA; that your Ministers SHALL be delivered up to Justice, as some atonement for the Blood that has been inhumanly shed in *England* and *America*; that they WILL have all their Rights confirmed to them; that they WILL be governed by the LAWS of the Land, and not by the Arbitrary WILL of you or your Minions; that without these JUST and NECESSARY Requisitions are complied with, they are determined to appeal to Heaven, and OBLIGE you, as their Forefathers have other PRINCELY TYRANTS to govern according to Law and the SOLEMN OATH you took at your Coronation.

Englishmen, Sir, will soon be roused by the inhuman Slaughter of their Brethren and Fellow Subjects in *America*, from a state of Lethergy and Supineness; it will not be long in the Power of your infernal Tribe of Placemen and Pensioners, your Ministers  
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and Minions, by all the Arts of Corruption and Debauchery to keep down the Glorious Spirit of LIBERTY; they will not, they cannot, if there is any Virtue in the Nation, longer remain idle inactive Spectators of such CRUEL and BLOODY Measures, in which they are so nearly, so deeply Interested; Measures which must end in the Destruction of LIBERTY and the Constitution, the Boast and Glory of this, and the Envy of every other Nation.

Your whole Reign has been one continued series of Tyranny, Oppression, Cruelty, and Injustice; the whole Business of your Ministers has been to deny right to the People, to sap the Constitution, to establish arbitrary Power upon the Ruins of PUBLIC LIBERTY in every part of the British Dominions; to feed your Avarice, to gratify your Ambition, and Sate your Revenge against Individuals.

A King, weak, obstinate, perverse, and Cruel, deaf to the calls of Humanity, and regardless of the Sufferings of an oppressed, injured, and loyal People, disgraces the Dignity of human Nature; and is so far from possessing any of those Attributes which characterise Majesty, that he is only a Monster in human Shape, like the Devil, invested with Power, not for the Preservation, but the Destruction of Mankind.

The Breath of a TYRANT blasts and Poisons every thing, changes Blessings and Plenty into Curses and Misery, great Cities and flourishing Kingdoms, into Desarts and gloomy Solitudes, and their rich Citizens into Beggars and Vagabonds. I could name Cities, which, while they governed THEMSELVES, could maintain Armies, and now enslaved, can scarce maintain the Poor proud Rascals who govern them. It is certain, that whatever Country or Place is subdued by a Prince, who governs by his WILL, is ruined by his Government.

You, Sir, like most other Princes, have been long introducing the *Turkish* Government into Europe; and have succeeded so well, that I would rather live under the *Turk*, than under the Tyranny of *George the Third*. You practise the inhuman Cruelties and Oppressions of the *Turks*, and want the tolerating Spirit of the *Turk*, and if you are not soon checked through  
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the native bravery of Englishmen, the whole Polity of savage *Turkey*, will be established by you in all its Parts and Barbarity; as if the Depopulation which is already so quick, and taking such dreadful Strides, were still too slow.

TYRANTS are the common Destroyers of Mankind; they are for ever inventing new Machines of Cruelty, and will, till the Destruction of Mankind is completed. They seem to think they shall have Enemies as long as one Man remains, who cannot be made a SLAVE. But it is astonishing at first view, that ENGLISHMEN should have so long borne your Tyranny, Oppressions, and the unrelenting Slaughter of their Fellow Subjects:—But, alas! who knows not the force of Corruption, Delusion, and standing Armies.

Oh Liberty! Oh Servitude! how detestable are the different Sounds! LIBERTY is Salvation in Politicks, as SLAVERY is Reprobation; neither is there any other Distinction but that of Saint and Devil, between the Champion of the one and of the other.

No one can sufficiently shew the glorious Advantages of LIBERTY, nor set off the dreadful Mischiefs of raging, relentless, consuming TYRANNY.—A Task to which no human Mind is equal; for neither the sublimest wits of Antiquity, nor the brightest Genius's of late or modern Times, assisted with all the Powers of Rhetoric, and all the Stimulations of Poetic fire, with the warmest and boldest Figures in Language, ever did, ever could, or ever can, describe and highten sufficiently, the Beauty of the one, or the Deformity of the other: Language fails in it, and Words are too weak.

Those who do not Groan under the Yoke of heavy and pointed Vassalage, cannot possibly have Images equal to a Calamity which they do not feel; and those which feel it, are stupefied by it, and their Minds depressed; nor can they have Conceptions large, bright, and comprehensive enough, to be fully Sensible of their own wretched Condition; much less can they Paint it in proper Colours to others. The People of England, Sir, who enjoy the Precious, Lovely, and invaluable blessing of LIBERTY, know that nothing can be paid too dear to purchase and preserve it. Without it the World is a Wilderness, and Life a Miserable Burthen: Death is a Tribute we all owe to Nature, and must pay; and it is infinitely preferable, in any shape to an ignominious



nious Life: Nor can we restore our Being back again into the Hands of our great Creator, with more Glory to him, more Honour to ourselves, or more Advantage to Mankind, than in Defence of all that is valuable, religious, and praise worthy upon Earth.

How execrable then, and infamous are the Wreches, who for a few precarious momentary, and perhaps imaginary Advantages, would rob their Country for ever of every thing that can render Life desirable; and for a little tinsel Pageantry and servile Homage, unworthy of honest Men, and hated by wise Men, would involve Millions of their Fellow Creatures in lasting Misery, Bondage and Woe; such unnatural royal Parricides, unworthy of the human Shape and Name, would fill up the Measure of their Barbarity by entailing Poverty, Chains, and Sorrow, upon their own Posterity: And, Sir, you ought to remember such Tyrants have UNPITIED, suffered in their OWN PERSONS, the bad Effects of those cruel Councils and Schemes, which they intended for the Ruin of all but themselves and their Minions; and have JUSTLY fallen into that Pit they had TRAITEROUSLY digged for others.

He that can levy WAR with all Mankind,  
Can cut his Subjects Throats, and sell his Friend;  
Ravish the Chaste, the sanctifi'd Prophane,  
Can pull down RIGHT, and wrong by FORCE maintain;  
Mortgage his FAITH, and trample on his WORD,  
And hew his Crown out by his LAWLESS Sword.  
Like Nero suck the Blood that gave him Life,  
And search engend'ring Nature with his Knife:  
Like Cortez, can a hundred Millions slay,  
Dream Death by Night, and finish it by Day:  
Like pious Peter, cant of Heaven's commands,  
Pray with his Lips, and Murther with his Hands.  
Can Sleep with BLOOD, and never start at CRIMES,  
And make his Mischiefs like his Pow'r sureme.

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Buy JUSTICE, sell OPPRESSION, bribe the LAW,  
Exalt the Rogue, and keep the Just in awe;  
Embrace the GUILTY; Innocents Condemn,  
And Execute without pretence of CRIME.  
Can sacrifice WHOLE NATIONS to his Lust,  
With Pleasure KILL, and think that Pleasure just:  
Can Burn and Sing, dance to the waving Flame,  
And in his country's Ashes raise his Fame;  
Insult the Wretched, trample on the Poor,  
And mock the Miseries Mankind endure;  
Can ravage Countries, Property devour,  
And trample Law beneath the Feet of Pow'r.  
Scorn the restraint of OATHS, and promis'd Right,  
And ravel Compacts in the Peoples fight;  
With Indignation scorn to reign by Rules,  
That King's a TYRANT, and the People Fools.

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